

Theres. Music in the Trumpets sound!

(A SONG FOR POLAND.)

The Poetry from the

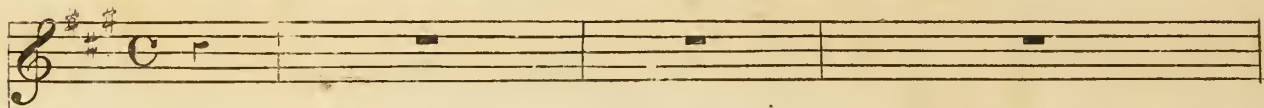
New-York-American.

Composed by

ALEX KYLE.

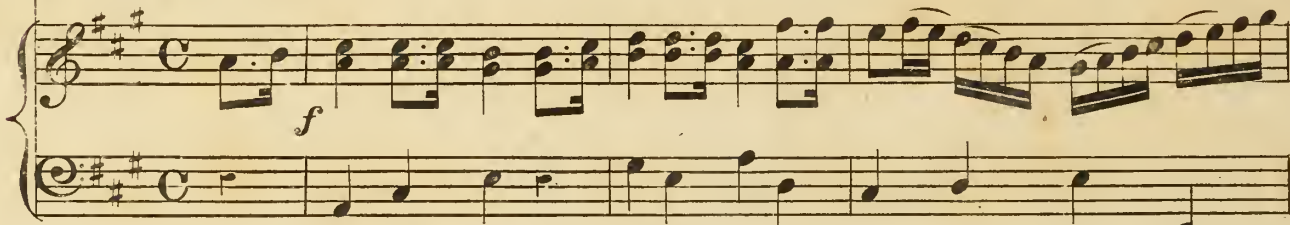
BALTIMORE Published and Sold by GEO. WILLIG JR

VOCE.

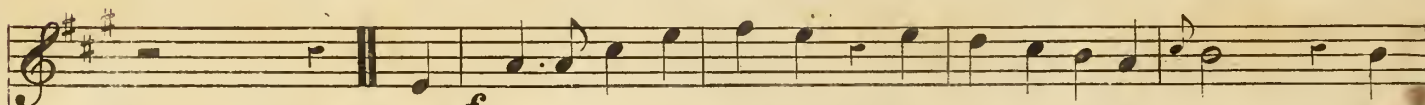


MAESTOSO.

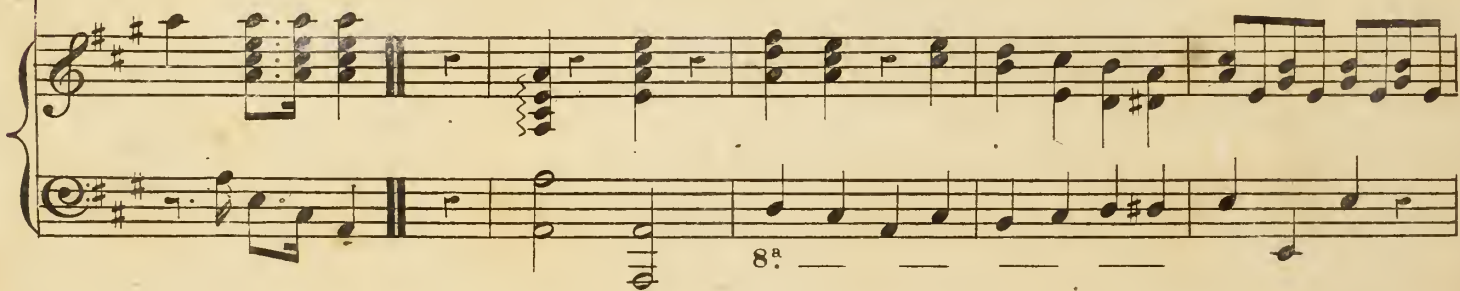
PIANO FORTE.



8va ad lib.



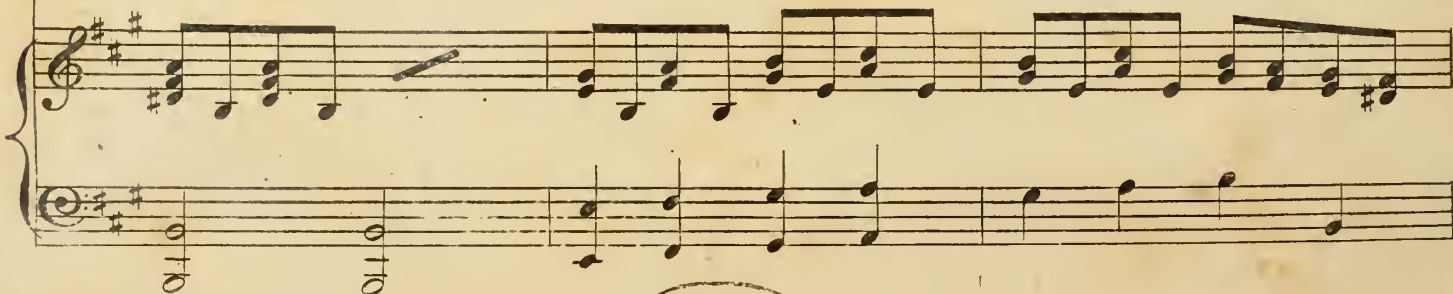
A song, a song for Poland, A cup of festal wine, Though



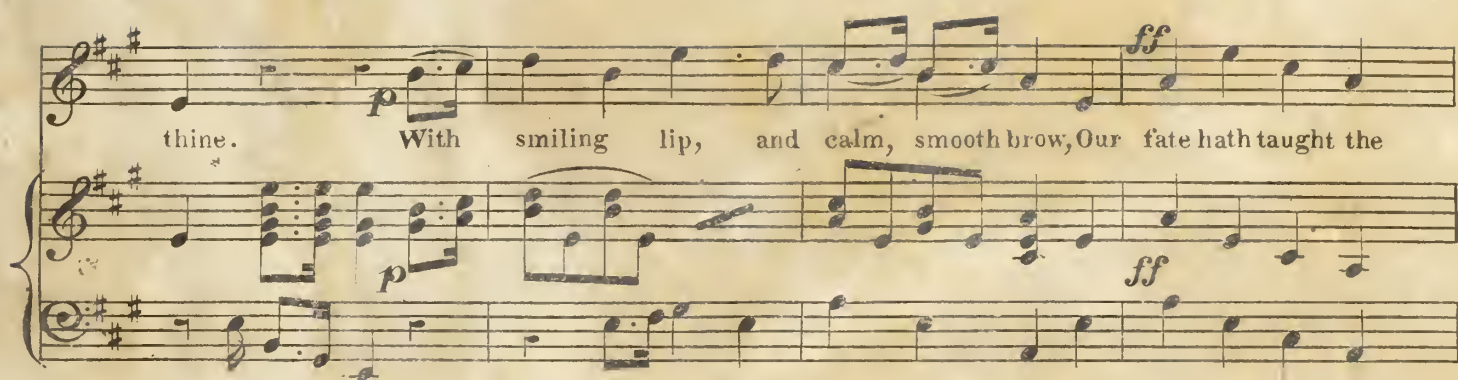
8a



pledged by ma—ny a break—ing heart, Still strong for thee and



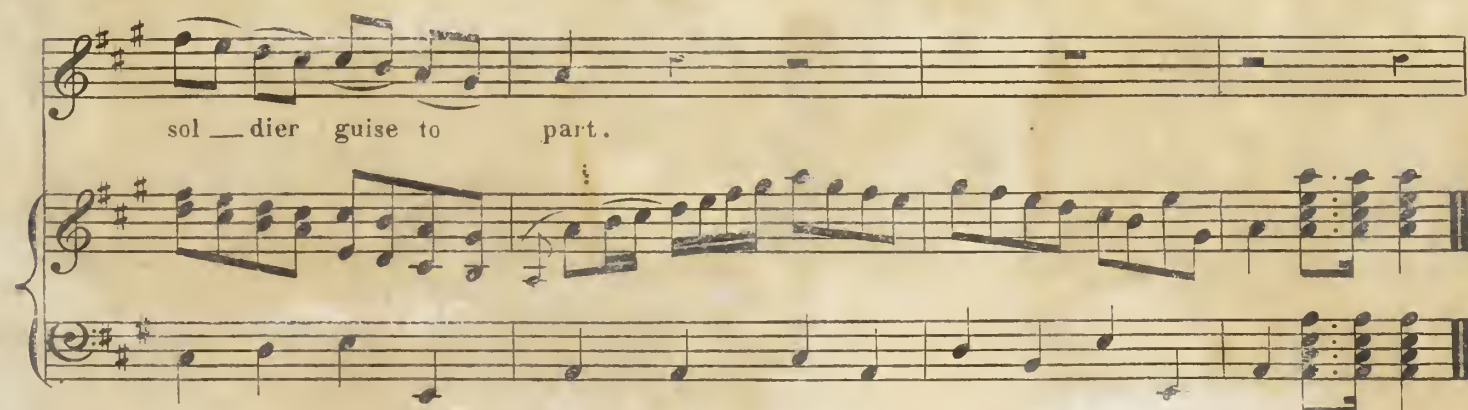
SOLD BY
BINNEY & ELLIS
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BOSTON.



thine. With smiling lip, and calm, smooth brow, Our fate hath taught the



art, From ev'ry loved one, round us now, in



sol — dier guise to part.

2

The homes, the homes of Poland —
 The mountains, and the plains,
 The rivers, and the free wild woods,
 The slaves who burst their chains —
 The mother's sacred love — the tears
 That weep the hero's fall —
 The memory of our better years —
 Fill high, to one and all.

3

The sword, the sword for Poland —
 The keenest, and the best;
 But fling away the coward shield,
 And bare the warriors' breast.
 As gaily to the battle-ground,
 As to a banquet, — on!
 There's music in the trumpet sound,
 Fill high though hope be gone!

4

Good night, good night to Poland —
 To morrow's sun may rise
 To see us rest on mother earth,
 Beneath our own blue skies:
 And welcome, welcome, if the strife
 Be won, to make thee free!
 Fill, to the last dear throb of life,
 Oh! Poland — all for thee!

There's music in the trumpet

